

The Minden Echo.

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

MINDEN, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1892.

144324

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX, No. 7.
TERMS \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

STOVES, STOVES & TINWARE—If you want a Cook Stove or Box Stove or Stove Pipes or any kind of first class Tinware Wash Boilers, Kettles, Oil Cans and Stove Pots all sizes. If you want comfort at little cost try one of my new drum stoves, they are just the best thing. Call and see for yourself.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch.
A. MCINTOSH.
Cash paid for old copper, brass, sheepskins, &c.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office,
MINDEN, ONT.

W. M. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc.
Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

WALTER MUNN, Agent & Collector for The Singer Manufacturing Co., for County of Haliburton. Residence and P. O. address,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
Machine Oil and Needles always on hand.

H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
P. O. Office, Bigelow's Block,
Kent St., Lindsay, over R. Smith's Dry Goods Store. \$10,000 to loan at 6 per cent.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. OF HALIBURTON.
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

JOHN WILSON, auctioneer and valuator for Victoria County, and dealer in second hand furniture, old iron, copper, &c., William Street, Lindsay. R. G. Height agent for the County of Haliburton.

DENTISTRY, J. NEELANDS, L.D.S., M.I.C.D.S., Ont., Dentist, Lindsay. Teeth extracted positively without pain. Artificial teeth inserted at moderate prices.

R. C. GARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filed.

GEORGE BARRY, proprietor of the hotel known as the Shuman House, has good accommodation for the travelling public, and has a good stable with attentive hostler always on hand. Bar well supplied with choice liquors, cigars, &c.
G. Barry,
Proprietor.

IRONDALE HOTEL, IRONDALE, ONTARIO.
This hotel offers first class accommodation to the travelling public. Camping parties stopping at this house will be furnished with meals, cigars, &c. The best brands of liquors and cigars a ways kept on hand.
S. E. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

GORDON & LUCAS,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE PAINTERS,
Haliburton.
Kalsomining, Paper Hanging &c., &c.
Orders left at this office promptly attended to.
Wm. Gordon, J. R. Lucas.

GORDON CENTRAL HOTEL, HALIBURTON, ONT.
JOHN A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.
Offers first-class accommodation to travelers. The Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Good stabling and an attentive hostler always on hand.
Haliburton, August 1889.

MINDEN HOTEL, MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite Hotel has been recently refitted and improved. It offers first-class accommodation to the travelling public. Guests patronizing the Minden Hotel, will find it a comfortable home. The table is always well supplied and attended to. The bar kept for the use of all that is necessary and the stabling will be found commodious and comfortable with a good hostler always on hand. A first-class Commercial Room has also been fitted up, making this one of the best equipped in the county.
W. TERRY,
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891. Proprietor.

DOMINION HOTEL, MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favor him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store house. A well kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ales and cigars, of the best quality.
JOSEPH PYM.
Huntamen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help. 30

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowden, being Lots 10 and 11 in 5th Con.; about 50 acres of Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy, apply to M. BROWN, Minden, or W. MOOSH, Newmarket.

Mail Stage Route

BETWEEN—

MINDEN & GELERT,
Twice Daily Each Way

Leaves Minden at 5.15 a.m. and 4 p.m., returning from Gelert immediately after arrival of trains.

DONALD J. HARTLE,
Proprietor

YE WINGED WINDS

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and quiet dell
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs?
Where sorrow never lives?
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Upon the world looks down—
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith—
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven."

The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1892

PERSONAL.

Dr. Curry P. S. I., has been inspecting schools in the neighbourhood of Haliburton this week.

LOCAL.

ON account of the editor's illness our local columns are somewhat deficient this week.

SOME interesting trials are expected to come on before the Magistrate's Court in the town of Haliburton, to-day Friday at one o'clock. We understand Messrs. Fielding and Niven, J. P.'s are to preside.

GIVE ME A CALL—If you want your hair cut call on C. W. Richards over the police office where your wants in this line will be promptly attended to. Hours, from 1 to 6 every evening except Tuesday and Fridays.

The entertainment held at the Methodist Church, Minden Township, on Wednesday evening last was a great success, and the people of that part deserve credit for their untiring efforts in making it so. Quite a number of the people of Haliburton attended and apparently they enjoyed it immensely. The tea was all that could be desired. A good programme was then commenced as follows:—

Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name"	Rev. W. H. Leary
Prayer	Rev. W. H. Leary
Chairman's Speech	Mr. Garratt
Invocation	Miss Janie Hobden
Singing	by Choir
Recitation	Subina Cox
Recitation	Susie Cox
Singing	by Choir
Reading	Mr. H. Hobden
Recitation	Ethel Cox
Singing	Choir
Recitation	Rosella Cox
Reading	Miss M. C. Mooney
Singing	Choir
Dialogue	by four Girls
Reading	Mrs. H. Hobden
Singing	Choir
Speech	Rev. S. J. Green
Dialogue	by two Girls
Singing	Choir
Dialogue	by seven Girls
Singing	Choir

The proceeds of the evening amounted to over \$25. The pleasant event was closed by singing God Save the Queen, the benediction being pronounced by the Rev. W. H. Leary.

READ GORRIE'S new adv. this week.
Mr. Watson makes some important announcements in our columns this week. Read 'em.

WANTED:—A good general servant. Good wages. Apply to Chas. D. Barr, Registrar of Deeds, Lindsay.

COOK WANTED:—At the Dominion Hotel, Minden: to a competent cook good wages would be paid, apply to J. Pym.

NOTICE—All parties indebted to J. D. Cottingham Dentist are notified to pay up before the first of November next, as after that date the unsettled accounts will be placed in court for collection.

A large number of young folks of Minden and vicinity met at the residence of Mr. G. Howse last evening to take part in an apple coring bee in which they were successful. Games of various kinds were afterward taken part in and altogether a very pleasant time was spent.

TWO WEEKS MORE.

DENTAL J. D. Cottingham, dentist, will continue his practice at the Shuman House for another two weeks. Those wishing to have teeth filled, extracted or replaced would do well to give him a call.

ACCIDENT—Mr. Joseph Pym of the Dominion Hotel, Minden, had the misfortune to get his thigh bone broken Wednesday evening last. Mr. Pym has not been very long a resident of this place but since he came here he has made many friends by his courtesy and close personal attention to business; he is a strictly temperate man himself and invariably refuses to supply individuals with liquor who have had more than is good for them and on Wednesday last he refused a man liquor twice who in consequence became so abusive that Mr. Pym ordered him out of his house and finally had to eject him by force. The drunken man clutching him when out side they fell and Mr. Pym's thigh struck on the corner of the door step fracturing the limb. Dr. Curry being absent in Haliburton was telegraphed for and arrived home about one o'clock a.m. when he reduced the fracture and the patient is now doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

For good reliable Boots & Shoes, in Men's, Women's, Boys', Girls' and Children's sizes, go to Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay: their stock is always well assorted, and they keep Ames, Holden & Co.'s celebrated Boots & Shoes, and their prices are right. Mr. Perkins, who was with Messrs. Bryans & Co. during the time they were in business, has charge of the business, and customers may depend on getting the best value in the country. Be sure and see their goods when in town. Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay, first door East of Cathers & Co., opposite McLennan's Hardware Store—3, 4.

Church Chimes

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCT. 16, 1892.

MINDEN (St. Paul's).
9.30 a.m., Sunday School.
10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer & Sermon.
Japle Lake (St. Peter's).
5.30 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
Stanhope (The School House).
7 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
All are welcome.

J. HUGHES JONES Incumbent.

METHODIST SERVICES.
Blairthorpe, 10.30 a.m.; Rev. W. H. Leary.
Bedford, 2.30 p.m.; Rev. W. H. Leary.
Minden, 6.30 p.m.; " "
Gelert 10.30 a.m.; Rev. S. J. Green.
Strathford, 2.30 p.m. " "
Lindsay's 6.30 p.m. " "

WELCOME

CHOLERA DID NOT PREVENT ITS PUBLICATION

The Full Number of the Canadian Grocer and General Storekeeper is an admirable issue. Its 80 pages, containing matter of vital importance to the numerous class of merchants in the country, are enclosed in a cover that captivates the eye. The harmonizing of rich colors with each other and with the design is a triumph of good taste, and the fitness of things. The contents of the issue are worthy of their beautiful envelope. They comprise articles written expressly for this edition, by special writers and expert contributors, upon a wide range of subjects strictly germane to the grocery trade, and treated with range and closeness of insight; full and concisely written market reports upon everything carried in grocery stores; and a budget of faultlessly displayed advertisements, in which all the leading houses engaged in the production or whole-sale distribution of groceries have a place. The number is a credit to a paper which is accepted by Canadian Grocers and General Merchants as the leading authority in all that pertains to their trade. The Canadian Grocer is published by the J. B. McLean Publishing Co. Ltd., 10 Front St., East, Toronto. The subscription price is \$2 per year, which any grocer or general merchant can better afford to pay than he can afford to be without this paper.

BIRTH

At Anson, on the 7th inst., the wife of Francis Trumbull, of a son.

THE LARGE QUANTITY SOLD EXPLAINS WHY THAT
Home Made Twill Flannel
IS SO CHEAP.

A Whole Shirt For 25 Cents
IS THE LATEST WITH US.

New Lot of Ladie's Underwear at
Attractive Prices.

Handsome china cup & saucer

Given with every FIVE DOLLARS worth of goods you
buy is the way we appreciate your trade.

Whisper about Potatoes. Rush them
out the ROT is in them.

We pay Highest Prices for good
marketable Butter, Eggs, Grain, &c.

D. GORRIE,
HALIBURTON.

J. G. EDWARDS

Importer and Dealer in Heavy, Shelf and Fancy
HARDWARE

Write us for prices on—Machine, Castor, Paint and Cylinder OILS, Sicks and Shovels, Rope, Chain and Wire, Rubber and Leather Belting.

Babbit Metal, Hemp, Rubber and Asbestos Packing, Buckskin and Leather.

Wholesale Dealer in Carriage and Blacksmith's SUPPLIES

Orders promptly filled. Prices Low. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. C. EDWARDS,
110 Kent St., LINDSAY.

DOMINION
ORGAN & PIANO CO.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH I have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

Elegant and Chase Design of Case,

Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and

Thoroughness of Workmanship.

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mouse-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive

Catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO Co.,

Bowmanville, Ont.

ASEAN

MIL DE ECHO

14 / 10 / 1982

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Horses For Sale.

A good Team suitable for farm work will be sold cheap or exchange for good driving horse. Apply to

Chas. D. Curry

To Be Sold.

A Jersey Bull with pedigree, 2 years old. Apply at White Lake Farm, Lot 33, Con. 1, Township of Snowdon. To Richard Scott or Mrs. H. C. StGeorge.

Ewes Wanted.

Any person having a few good young Ewes for Sale could find a purchaser by applying to the undersigned, Lot 2, Con. 5, Township of Minden.

Robert J. Taylor.

Minden, 3rd Oct., 1892.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned either by book account, note or overdue mortgage are hereby notified that they are required to settle up this fall without fail, otherwise prompt steps will be taken to enforce payment.

Mark Morrison.

Minden, 21st Sept. 1892.

R. G. HAIGHT,

The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.

Agent for Myers' Horse & Cattle Spice

We will buy everything you have to sell, and sell you most everything you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings
Your Eggs & Cats
Your Butter.

For which we will pay a higher price than any one in the Village.

In our Peddling Van we will endeavor to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOES.

GROCERIES & TINWARE.

Use Myers' Royal Spice for Pigs,

Poultry, Horses, Cattle & Sheep.

R. G. Haight & Co.

Use Myers' Royal Spice.

Tailoring!

—YOU CAN—

SAVE MONEY

BY HAVING YOUR
CLOTHES MADE BY

CLARK & SON,

FENELON FALLS.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—

GENERAL - - - JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to Horse-shoeing, everything in Blacksmithing attended to promptly. Work warranted and prices moderate.

Call and give me a trial.

W. EASTMAN,

Minden

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—

PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL

HERE YOU ORDER YOUR

Spring and Summer

—SUITS—

G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.

The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRID. Y, OCT. 14, 1892.

LORD TENNYSON'S remains were buried in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday last. The Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury and the Poet's wife, son and family were present. The ceremonies were conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury assisted by the very Rev'd Dean of Westminster and all the members of the Chapel. The music rendered on the solemn occasion included in anthem to the words of Lord Tennyson's Poem, "Crossing the Bar," and the dead Poet's favorite Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." Thousands of England's best, bravest and purest were present at the funeral and Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, telegraphed the poet's family a message of heartfelt sympathy.

Haliburton Show

THE Dysart Agricultural Society held its Annual Fall Show in Haliburton on Friday last; the weather was tolerably favorable and the turnout fairly good. The prize teams at Minden were also successful there, and the inside show contained many specimens that had been shown at Minden on the preceding Tuesday. The cattle show was not as good as we expected to see, but there was a fine exhibit of sheep. Owing to the way the exhibits were scattered around in various corners, we did not think the effect was as good as it might have been.

Taking Care of Mother.

MONEY in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. There is another form of investment, says an exchange, which pays, not only in character and happiness, but also in ultimate temporal prosperity, better than anything I know of. I refer to the support of parents—one or both—if they need it. "John," said one friend to another, after many years of separation, "how are you getting on financially?" "I am doing very well indeed," was the reply. "How is your mother, and who takes care of her?" "Oh! I take care of mother, and have for many years." "If I had known that, I would not have asked the question. I would have known you were prospering." And he was right. Honor thy father and thy mother means immensely more in temporal affairs than appears on the surface. Of two brothers, alike in all else, one caring for his mother and the other neglecting her, the one has a mortgage on temporal success; the other's success is mortgaged. Foreclosure in either case may appear to be delayed, but sooner or later it is sure to come, and another fact to be realized is that the results follow, in both cases, into the second generation.

The Grave Error of Many Girls

COUNTRY girls talk of going to the city for employment and to enjoy more social life. But more social life is just what they will not get. The woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in the city, and there is no loneliness more absolute than the loneliness of a stranger in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit much relaxation in the way of recreation, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment.

To the country home, in these days, come the daily papers and magazines, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the globe and confusion of city life. The fashion article tells her how to dress her hair and make her gown; gives her the latest notion in small toilet details. Few towns are so small that they have no public library, where all the new books may be got, and the lecture and concert are not infrequent. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never far from the centre of things. There is occupation, too, for the girl who stays at home, and particularly for those who stay in the country. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to disappointment. Make the most of and elevate the things nearest at hand. Use them as stepping stones to higher attainments.

Be Gentle to Old Folks

DON'T thrust the old folks aside too soon. They love to be busy and it is a very great service to father and mother to be compelled, through the mistaken kindness of their children, to sit idle while others do what they used to delight in doing about the house or store. Susan Teuli Perry expresses this charmingly when she writes:

It is easier said than done, my dears—
Giving up to the young folks now.
Yes, father and I are along in years,
And not very spry, I'll allow,
But yet we don't like to be shoved one side,
And do just as our children say—
Spend the rest of our lives in rocking chairs
Doing nothing the livelong day.

We're both going to make our southeast room
A "Chamber of Peace," by God's grace,
And hearing the city, hope to bring
Of its glory into this place,
That young folks may see the roseate light
Which at evening time is given
To the old folks, who are sighting the
gates—
The beautiful gates of heaven.

As with the Irish the Scottish people have some very interesting and occasionally humorous folk lore and customs regarding birds and fowls. The song of the robin bodes ill to any sick person who hears it. A robin seen sitting upon a stone foretells the falling of snow. A black cock is highly prized, as its presence prevents the ravages of logies and warlocks. To hear a cuckoo cry before breakfast is an ill omen; it is a fortunate for the housewife if a brood of chickens all come off the nest cock-once, as it is indicative of coming prosperity. The magpie is a particularly ominous bird to the Scotch.

"One is sorrow, two mirth;
Three a wedding, four a birth;
Five heaven; six hell;
Seven the devil's ain self!"

INNUMERABLE traditional customs and beliefs of the simpler sort will be found peculiar to the Scottish people. If you first see the new moon with empty hands you will be unfortunate for a month to come. If you see a cow lick either of her fore feet you will immediately hear of a death. Seeing a snail on bare ground is a bad omen, but to see one on the grass is a sign of a plentiful year. In Roxburghshire those meeting black snails take them by the horns and throw them over their left shoulders, in order to go on their way prosperously. The sudden loss of hair is a prognostic of the loss of children, health, or property. To dream of one's teeth falling out is a certain sign of the death of a friend. The shrinking of meat in a pot while cooking presages downfall in life; and should it swell you will be prosperous. It is unlucky to be recalled after having set out on a journey to be told of something you have forgotten; but you can destroy the spell by at once partaking of meat and drink. When you first put on a new coat if you will place money in the right hand pocket you will not know want, but if by mistake you place it in the left hand pocket you will be in need as long as that coat is worn.

Make The Bulls Work.

We keep two bulls, thoroughbred Jerseys, that are coming three years old about Christmas. When they were about one week old we applied some of Haaff's dehorning chemical with very good results, so that now they have no horns. When one month old we yoked them together in the pen in the barn and let them stand a short time. Then as they became more accustomed to it we would lead them by the yoke up and down the barn floor until they became quite manageable, then took them out of doors and hitched a draft chain to the yoke and let it drag on the ground.

We exercised them in this way driving them yoked to and from the pasture, night and morning, through their first summer. The second spring we sent them away to pasture. By daily use through the second winter they became quite handy. During the past spring and summer we have, with the help of a horse, done all the ploughing, harrowing, teaming out manure and getting in hay with them. They are very fast walkers and answer all the purposes of oxen. We prefer this method of handling to keeping them in idleness, besides we believe they are surer stock getters.

Watch Repairing

THE undersigned is prepared to attend promptly to any watch repairing sent him and will guarantee the work well done.

Parties from a distance can send their watches by the mail carriers connecting with Minden and the work returned by the same means.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited

S. F. W. GAINER, Minden

WAKE UP AND MAKE MONEY AND STOP CRYING HARD TIMES

CARTER

of Lindsay,

Is your friend, and he is willing,
this fall and winter to sell you
Dry Goods and Clothing at
a slight advance on cost

SO BRACE UP AND CALL ON

CARTER

And Make Known Your Wants

LOOK READ ACT

Men's Tweed Suits	\$1 95
" Blue Serge Suits	2 50
" Wool Pants	65
" Heavy All Wool Tweed Pants	1 25
" Fine Tweed Overcoat (flannel lined)	9 95
" All Wool Cardigan Jackets	75
" Heavy Knit Shirts (lace or button) col. attach.	50
" Heavy All Wool Socks	12 1/2
" Wool Undershirts	25
" " Underpants	25
See the Wonder Brace, 2 pair for	25
All Wool Cashmere (all shades)	25
Heavy Wool Serge Dress Goods (40 inch.)	20
See our New Winter Coatings (60 inch.)	75
2500 yds. Grey Flannel, going at	15
1700 yds. Shaker Flannel	08
900 yds. Feather Ticking	08
500 yds. Cottonade	10
Heavy Factory Flannel	21
White Wool Bed Blankets (very large) ex. h'vy, only	2 00
Cotton Grain Bags (hold over 2 bus) per doz.	2 25
Fancy Bordered Towels 93 x 17 inches, each	5
6 White and Fancy assorted Hdk's	25
Men's Waterproof Coats (regular \$1.75) now	9 00
Fingering Yarns, per Skein	5
6 lbs. White Wool Bed Blankets	2 50
Boy's 2 piece Winter Suit (and base ball bat or bat free) for	1 95
Ladie's White Cotton Chemise, lace trimmed, sale price	20
Ladie's White Cotton Night Gowns, lace trimmed going at	48
700 Men's Winter Caps, to be cleared at	25
Ladie's Heavy Winter Shawls (big plum at)	1 95
Wide Hemp Carpet, now	10

We have the Largest Stock Ladies Mantles in the County.
the Best Quality and the Lowest Price Stock of Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits over offered for Sale.

The Ladies all agree that we have Largest Assortment of DRY GOODS at the Lowest Prices ever before shown in Lindsay.

WE WANT EVERY FATHER AND MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER AND OLD MAIDS as well to make out a list of their wants for winter and come direct to THE GOLDEN LION, Where you are all WELCOME.

Send your orders by mail if you cannot come yourself and if goods we send you are not right they can be returned at OUR EXPENSE.

M. J. CARTER,

The Cheapest Dry Goods Dealer
in the County.

Sign of the Golden Lion.

LINDSAY

3.8

MINDEN ECHO

121 10 1892

24.100

MINDEN ECHO

1916

991.44

THE FARM.

Capital vs. Brain in the Dairy.

Has any industry, conducted with like capital, any better reward than that returned by the dairy? What man, with a few thousands of dollars invested, makes as comfortable a living and secures a more certain income than the man with twenty-five or thirty cows on a farm of 100 acres? The manufacturer must have a large capital; must manage his business on a scale that carries with it division of labour, and the economies of piece work and a reserve fund to tide him over a dull spell; the dairy is uniform in its labour requirements; there is a daily demand for its finished products; there are as many avenues by which produce may be cheapened as in any other business enterprise.

The demand of the times has led to cheapened production of all kinds. Science has cheapened about all the processes of iron and steel manufacture, and thousands of other things, so that the article complete is furnished to the consumer far below the former price. As the article is cheapened, the demand increases. The manufacturer, by coming to know all the details of his business, and making a thorough study of it, is enabled to get all the value out of the raw material, or work up the waste into other marketable articles, so that the waste and residue of the past is fashioned into the useful of the present, and these wastes now often constitute the chief part of the net profits.

Now has our average dairyman availed himself of all these sources of profit? Is he a dairy student, all the time learning, always making a change for the better? Are his brains active? Is he alert? Does he comprehend the great mystery of Nature with which he has to deal, the mystery of life, its reproduction and maintenance? Does he understand that this cow is a more complex machine than all the mechanism of the great mills, and yet the mastering of the functions, wants and demands of this cow, and the manipulation of her product, constitute successful dairying. Has the dairyman found that dairying is dividing up into special lines, and that the profitable dairy is no longer a general purpose dairy? Has he yet owned cows "thoroughbred in unknown breeding"? Is he yet feeding his cows in the expensive ways of the past, or is he adopting the silo, the big siloing crop, and concentrating his dairy efforts? Has he warm and well-lighted barns, and water at the door, or is he yet making his cows hardy by old barns, and a great deal of outdoor, winter exercise? Is he yet setting his milk in tin pans, or has he a hand separator, and getting the last globule of cream from the milk? Is he yet making store butter and exchanging it for groceries, getting no cash, or is he making fancy butter and selling it in a butter market? Is he pooling his milk with that of his neighbors, and selling it at so much per 100 pounds, or does he insist upon its being tested for solids with a modern milk tester, and so get the value of the extra pound of fat in each one hundred pounds of milk that in the past he has been donating to his neighbor who was putting poor milk into the pool? Is he keeping up the fertility of his farm by all known methods, saving manure by a liberal use of absorbents, plowing under clover, putting rye in as a "catch crop" after corn, so that his soil is all the while at work storing up plant food for succeeding crops? Has he reduced the cost of labor to produce crops to the lowest point? Is this man reading good dairy literature, so that he can keep up with the current dairy thought of the day, and find out all that is transpiring in the dairy world in way of experiment and investigation, and put the best things into use? All these points are in the line of better dairying, and are at variance with the plans of those who denounce all dairy advance as born of book learning, as if knowledge were a despicable thing, and all investigation a scheme of men to get a living without work!

All these are vital questions; the contrast between success and progress and the standstill conservative system that actually retrogrades. What business, after all, does pay better on the farm than a well-appointed and conducted dairy?

Care of Farm Horses.

It is apparent even to an indifferent observer that the general run of farm horses do not have that smooth and well-cared-for look that the majority of the horses of city transportation and car companies possess; though the latter, on an average, do vastly more work in a year than the horse upon the farm. The secret of the matter is in the care and feed. Farm horses receive, as a rule, too little attention as to grooming, and are fed too commonly without regard to a balancing of the ration. Farm horses almost invariably eat too much hay, which distends the stomach when taken in large quantities, prevents that organ from doing its full duty, and makes the horses dull and weak.

Many farmers have no regular ration for their horses, but throw down a forkful of hay almost every time they enter the barn. As a result, many of these horses are eating hay from morning till night, to the manifest disadvantage of the haymow and the manifest disadvantage, also, of the horses, whose bodies become distended, skins dry and coats rough, while the digestive organs are thrown out of gear, so that the animal's whole system becomes impaired. The farmer declares that he cannot afford to feed such a ration as is fed to horses in city stables. Well, the value of the hay that is worse than wasted, when fed in the enormous quantities mentioned, if expended for grain, would make a vast improvement in the condition and appearance of the horses, and would involve no extra expense whatever. This is a point that farmers ought to consider, for on it hinges a horse's measure of efficiency in doing his work well.

A small ration of hay fed with regularity three times a day and a suitable grain ration, carefully incorporated with it, with water twice a day, and a thorough grooming, will make of a spiritless, rough-coated horse with distended body, in four cases out of five, a much more alert, a handsomer and vastly more efficient animal. The grain ration should be of ground or cracked corn, and ground oats or bran, the grain being mixed with the hay so that the hay and grain will have to be eaten together, as it has been found that in this way the grain is much more fully digested. As to the amount of grain that shall help make up a ration, that must depend on circumstances, the ability of the owner to provide the

grain, also the work which the horse is called upon to do. The thing of chief importance is to get farmers to discard a part of the hay ration and substitute for this discarded hay at least its value in the more condensed nutrition of corn, oats, or bran, the rest will naturally follow. Corn has too much oil to be fed alone.

The same idea holds good in respect to growing colts, with the exception that corn should not be fed them. On hundreds of farms are to be seen dull-eyed, rough-haired, undersized and spiritless colts whose distended bodies during the winter season show plainly that they are the victims of too much hay and too little of the more condensed and nutritious oats and bran. Thousands of colts are annually raised that are not worth even the care and cost of the hay that they consume; but if a colt is worth raising at all it pays to fully develop its possibilities by adequate and nutritious feed. If it does not pay to feed any animal on the farm properly it is pretty certain that it does not pay to keep that animal on the farm at all, and the sooner the farmer recognizes that point the better it will be for his pocket book.

Storing Green Clover in Barns.

There is some risk in storing green clover hay in a barn, it being almost impossible to shut away the air from the sides of the mow, and unless this is done the clover heats. The escaping air inviting the entrance of fresh air from the outside a current is established, slow combustion provided for, and the clover "burns out just as a heap of horse manure is fire-fanged. To cure clover in a mow without previous wilting to evaporate part at least of the sap in it, requires a tight mow that is a close approach to a silo, so that the air cannot come in at the sides and bottom. Without a fresh supply of oxygen, there can be no combustion of the clover. The fermentation ceases, which with a supply of fresh air, would go on until the clover was a charred mass.

To get the best results, the clover mow should be boarded close on the sides and floor. The clover should be as clear of rain, or dew, as possible, and evenly spread over the mow. When all but two or three loads of the clover is in, make the top of the mow as level as possible and then roll strips of tarred paper over the surface, lapping the strips. Do not tread on it to break the paper; and scatter on the remaining loads for weight. A layer of boards will be as effective as the paper. The object of this layer of boards, or paper, is to prevent the escape of the heated air, and if the air is imprisoned in the clover, there will be no entrance of fresh air from the outside. In the silo, where the walls are higher than the silage, the air that falls upon the surface is met by the ascending current and only a few surface inches of the silage are affected. In the mow where the sides are somewhat open the entrance of air, can be prevented to a great extent by checking the egress from the top of the heated air. This is accomplished by the tightly weighted cover.

With old hay at command, to alternate the layers of green clover with other layers of the hay, using about a third as much as clover, is a good plan. In curing the escaping dampness of the green clover is absorbed by the old hay. In raking clover for hand pitching, it is not generally known that it is a great saving of "backbone" to rake the field twice. If one has two horse-rakes, one may follow the other, and pull the windrow along a few feet. This rakes up the clover that was left untouched at the bottom of the windrow, loosens up the bunch, and makes the pitching easy with no sticking of the ground.

Protection from Untimely Frosts.

A very slight frost is often the cause of much loss to the farmer. The warm, growing weather is interrupted by a cold wave which lowers the temperature to very near the freezing point. A calm, cloudless night allows so much heat to escape from the air around the plants that the crops are frozen. If the crops could be protected during this one short freeze, it would be safe to plant them in the earliest warm spring weather, and much profit could be gained during the late warm weather in the fall. The blanketing of cold-frames and of seed beds in the spring, and the covering of flowers in the fall, keeps fixed in the air around the plants nearly all the heat which is constantly leaving the soil by radiation. Clouds form a blanket which keeps the lower air warm in the same way, so that frosts do not occur on cloudy nights. Even slight winds bring warm air.

On the calm, clear mornings of early autumn, the farmers to the west of the Great Lakes, blanket their growing crops with a smudge of dense smoke from burning piles of wet straw, green weeds, and tar. The dense cloud of smoke and water vapor hanging over the crop does not allow the warmth coming from the soil to pass the plants, and hence they are not frozen. The water vapor in the smoke also protects, for it would be frozen first, and in freezing must lose heat which would warm the air, just as tubs of water in a cellar are frozen before the vegetables are injured.

In the harmless white frosts, the water vapor of the air is the only thing frozen. Prof. R. C. Kedzie, recommends the drenching of gardens and orchards with water on the approach of frost, to fill the air with moisture. The stirring of the moist soil between the rows will make the air damp. A thorough sprinkling may thus save strawberries and grapes in blossom. In the arid regions, a thorough irrigation of the crop may save it from freezing. Gardens may be flooded.

To protect field crops, a smudge of damp materials and tar is the most available. Place piles of straw, hay, and weeds through the field in readiness for the first frost. Watch the cold, clear nights and, if the wind is not blowing at midnight, dampen the piles and kindle enough to make a good smudge. As the coldest time is from two to four in the morning there must then be a good cloud of smoke.

The General Purpose Horse.

A general purpose horse should be sound, sensible, free from vice, medium size, about fourteen to fifteen hands high, weighing about 1,000 pounds, not too large for riding nor too small for work, should carry his head well up to give him style, should have sloping shoulders, should carry his feet near together to make him sure-footed, should ride well and drive well, should have an easy mouth, should work well to plow or wagon, should drive with single check or double reins, and above all should not be balky.

In breeding general purpose horses it is very essential that the sire should be of the best disposition, should ride and drive and work well anywhere and the nearer thoroughbred the better. The mare should be medium size, stylish, and have endurance. The general purpose horse stands hard work, in the long hot days of summer, much better than the heavy draft horses. For the show ring a horse should not be too fat but should show a little of the rib. The fat on a horse is sure to hide defects and judges should be very careful how they award premiums to fat horses. More attention should be given to breeding general purpose horses for they are intrinsically more valuable, more difficult to find, and are in great demand. It is my experience that a colt takes endurance or bottom from its dam and its disposition from its sire. If this could be fully established it would be of vast importance to all horse breeders. English hackneys make good general purpose horses if crossed with suitable Thoroughbreds. Hackney style is hereditary.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

America's 23,000 papers have 200,000 employees.

A German firm is producing building blocks made from sawdust and acid. They are hard, light, practically non-combustible and cheap.

The latest form of steamship propeller is an English invention. It is designed so that when in motion there is no weight of water on the blades on the rise and fall of the propeller, due the pitching of the vessel.

The impact water wheel, so much used for furnishing power for mines, metallurgical works and electric plants has lately been improved by a new arrangement of multiple nozzles.

The Carpenters' Union, of San Francisco, builds dwellings for members without charge. They are simple and comfortable homes. Seven houses have been built the past year by the union for its members.

One of the latest applications of electricity to mining operations is seen in the Metternich lead mine in Belgium. Each bucket arriving at the top of the shaft makes an electric contact, and a needle in the office indicates by a red line upon a revolving drum the number of buckets brought up.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is hard at work trying to organize the teamsters of this country into a national union but so far has not succeeded, as not enough of localities have so far sent notice to warrant fixing a time and place for a convention.

General Secretary P. J. McGuire, of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, submitted a flattering report of his trade for the month of August. Twenty-three new local branches were chartered with a membership of 811, and \$9,103.88 were the receipts, while \$9,002.10 was expended, of which \$7,261.25 represented the sick and death benefit fund.

Canadian Horses in New York.

There are some facts that are not strengthened by comment; Of such nature is the story of a sale of Canadian carriage and saddle horses on Monday of this week in New York, by Mr. W. D. Grand. A few of the prices are quoted:

Canadian Belle, b. m.; O. H. P. Belmont	\$3,000
Adelaide and Gay Boy, bay pair; O. H. P. Belmont	2,950
Blue Ribbon, b. m.; O. H. P. Belmont	1,400
Evelyn and Minnie, cross-matched pair; J. B. Colford	1,150
Gordon and Stanley, brown pair; R. Hoogland	1,100
Dudley and Blanch, bay pair; T. S. Jones	900
Favorite, b. m.; F. Ashenden	775
Warwick, ch. g.; James Blount	725
The Laird, b. g.; Mr. de Veaux-Powel	550
Connaught, br. g.; R. Wallack	500
Camille, b. m.; G. Legg	500
Jester, ch. g.; Gen. Amasa J. Parker	500
Wentchester, ch. g.; M. S. Burrell	500
Orator, br. g.; F. A. Watson	500

Who will say after this that it does not pay for farmers to raise the right kind of horses? Fancy a quarter-bred mare selling at auction for three thousand dollars! And this country has been called sterile so far as breeding first-class horses is concerned. We say it right here, and would like to see it inscribed on every tomb, on every heart, that no country in this world is better adapted for producing high class stock than this Canada of ours. All that is required is intelligence and enterprise, not parsimony, in choosing the parents.

Sunday and the World's Fair.

It is evidently the intention of the managers of the Chicago fair to give to Sunday before the status of an accomplished fact before the exposition begins. Thousands of people impatient to see the buildings, are admitted to the grounds each Sabbath day on the payment of twenty-five cents apiece. Fifteen thousand was the number on Sunday of last week, and the advocates of Sunday opening point to the receipts as an argument for admitting the public on that day. When the Chicago lobby descends upon Congress next winter to agitate the repeal of the Sunday closing enactment the established precedent and the financial returns will be pleaded as reasons for continuing the present practice. The argument is fallacious. Most of the persons who go to Chicago from a distance to attend the fair will enter the grounds as many times during their stay with the gates closed on Sunday as if they were open. Looking over the vast exposition is going to be very tiresome business, and the rest day will be appreciated. As to the working people of Chicago and vicinity, it is to be expected that such a sentiment will prevail in the city that employers will rather vie with each other in giving holidays to their employees for visiting the fair than venture to them opportunities of attendance on week days. A Sunday spent in tramping through miles of buildings, jostled by a crowd, would be a poor rest from the toils of the week. Seeing the fair as it should be seen will be more work than play, and it will be no hardship to desert from it one day in seven. We are speaking here of a material phase of the subject, and in considering that phase the managers will do well to remember that Sunday opening would decide tens of thousands of intending patrons to stay away from the fair altogether.

THE NIAGARA TUNNEL.

Remarkable Development of the Locality About It.

Factories, Docks, and Railways are Building—A Similar Canal to be Constructed on the Canadian Side.

Remarkable developments have taken place since active work was begun on the tunnel which is to harness the power of the famous cataract. Where two years ago there were rocks which had not been moved since the hardening of the earth's crust, is now a tunnel 6,700 feet in length, entirely lined with brick, and all completed save the portal. Where two years ago the solitary heron stood among the cattails, flourishing as they did when Father Hennepin first gazed in awe upon Niagara now stands the greatest paper plant in the world.

What two years ago was a bucolic cornfield has been converted by an excavation into a \$500,000 canal to feed the wheel pits of the tunnel. Land along the river margin that two years ago was used as a cow pasture, has now a short railroad running through it that cost \$140,000, destined to carry freight to and from the mills soon to be erected. A thousand feet of dockage will be built here next spring. On the 1,500 acres of land bought by the Tunnel Company before a drill was started, dozens of dwellings are now building, and \$400,000 is ready to be used in severing, grading, lighting, and sidewalking this district. The tunnel portal will be completed by the 15th inst., and the hydraulic canal by Jan. 1. The \$60 paper mill is hustling to complete its plant in order to begin operation by the first of the year.

But big as is the American tunnel scheme, it has a mate. The Canadian side of the river is to have a tunnel, too, though less has been said of this enterprise than of the other. The same company will develop the power on both sides of the river. It is expected that a tunnel 800 feet long on the Dominion bank will develop 100,000 horse power while a boring of 6,700 feet was necessary on the American side to obtain 120,000 horse power. The British Government will derive a revenue of \$25,000 a year from the Canadian tunnel privilege, and the power, being generated in Queen Victoria's Park, must be transmitted to factories outside of the park, as the building of no mills will be permitted in the park preserves. Work will be begun on the Canadian tunnel early next spring, and it is hoped that motive force of at least 20,000 horse power may be available a year from now.

It has been erroneously stated that work has already commenced on the Canadian tunnel. The truth is that a little tunnel is being constructed that will produce 2,000 horse power, which is to be used to run the power house of the electric railway on the Canadian side. This tunnel is being excavated by the railway company. For several reasons the purpose is to transmit to Buffalo the power that is generated on the Canadian side. First, it is expected that all the power that is developed by the American tunnel will be utilized by manufacturers that will locate, as has the paper mill, at the falls; second, it is not expected that the Canadians will or can use anything like 100,000 horse power in factories on the Dominion river-side; third, the distance from the Canadian wheel-pits to Buffalo will be several miles less than from the American wheel-pits; fourth, the tariff laws will not permit Americans profitably to locate factories across the river, while according to the rulings of the United States Treasury Department, electrical power may be entered free of duty. If power can be transmitted to Buffalo without too costly diminution, the experiment will follow of wiring electrical energy to Hamilton and Toronto, which city uses more electricity to-day, according to its population, than does Buffalo. Undoubtedly several factories will be erected by English capital near the Canadian power tunnel, as already the agents of corporations are on the ground pricing land.

The Tunnel Power Company promises to be one of the greatest monopolies of the age for with exclusive rights on the Canadian side, and the ownership of all available land on the American margin, nobody can build a competitive tunnel without excavating under a very large chunk of the State of New York. The Tunnel Power Company practically have such a "cinch" on the territory that factories must locate on its lands in order to get connection with the wheel-pits and to secure shipping facilities. In the matter of dockage, cribwork is now being constructed in eight or nine feet of water from the old Hydraulic Canal to the steamboat landing at Schlosser's dock. With a little dredging, there will be a perfectly safe harbor just above the American rapids, with an open channel all the way to Tonawanda and Buffalo. This channel is now being improved by dredging, a \$20,000 appropriation having been granted by Congress this year as a starter. The day will come, no doubt, when a harbor will stretch all the way from Black Rock to the Falls, taking in Tonawanda, Gratiot, and La Salle. There is room here for all the vessels now afloat that carry the American flag at the masthead.

Meanwhile high authorities in the electric world are wrestling with the problems of translation and transmission of energy. Prof. Forbes, of London, the consulting-electrical engineer of the Tunnel Power Company, has been here twice this year, each time spending much effort in passing upon the plans offered. Naturally there is much rivalry among makers of dynamos for the contract to furnish the power houses on the Canadian side. So much progress has been made in electrical science in the last two years as to begot confidence that when the tunnel is ready for its "harness," all problems connected with the buckles and straps will be solved.

The Most Gigantic Beast.

Few ever stop "in their mad rush for gain," as Bill Nye would say, to consider the immense size of the great Greenland whale (*Balaena mysticetus*). Nilsson says that "average-sized specimens of it will weigh over a hundred tons!" Think of it! At that rate the gigantic creature would outweigh upward of 100 of the largest elephants that ever roamed the African or Asian forests. If killed and sliced into chunks of 500 or 1000 pounds each his carcass would load a freight train of eleven cars to its fullest capacity! The whalebone in such a creature would weigh more than three of our largest Norman horses and the oil would fill 160 kerosene barrels.

ALL SORTS.

Fireflies are never eaten by birds.

The Shah of Persia is in his 64th year.

Hypnotisers are not allowed to practice their art in Belgium.

The Egyptian is taxed fifty cents on the palm tree that grows in his garden.

Poaches of excellent quality from America are sold in the London market at high prices.

The inventor of the last new air flying machine claims that he can make 200 miles an hour with it.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis owns a pet mongrel dog that has saved six human lives.

The French War Office has provided for the enrolment of between 6,000 and 7,000 bicyclists in war.

The Government of Nicaragua offers 240 acres of coffee land to every married immigrant and 120 to every single one.

Professor Marshall tells us that the oak in a general way requires to grow from 120 to 200 years before it is fit to cut for large timber.

News from Japan says that a number of Japanese actresses are preparing to start on a tour in Europe to illustrate the native style of acting.

An Act of Henry VII., dated 1489, prohibited the pulling down of all farmhouses which had as much as twenty acres of land attached to them.

When the Grand Duke Paul of Russia travels he carries his bed with him. He is so tall that no ordinary bed will enable him to stretch his legs.

Japanese jugglers are deft smokers. Several of them will sit before a curtain, and, from the tobacco smoke which issues from their mouth, will form a succession of readable letters.

The most highly-valued gift at the Queen of Denmark's golden wedding was a crown of golden wheat ears and clover, bought with the pennies of 10,000 school children.

It is just twenty-seven years since the Salvation Army was founded, and the Salvationists are about to celebrate the fact throughout the length and breadth of their organization.

Noblemen in scores were created by Christophe, a negro, who ruled as Emperor of Hayti from 1811 to 1820. Among the titles conferred were those of the Duke of Marmalade, the Count of Lemonade, and the Earl of Brandy.

The most eminent surgeons in Germany have been consulted about the Emperor's ear malady, but they seem to agree that nothing can be done, for the chances are that an operation (which his Majesty would readily undergo) would either prove fatal or would at once injure the brain.

Pope Leo XIII. owns a pearl left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, which is worth £20,000; the chain of 32 pearls owned by the Empress Frederick is estimated at £35,000.

During last year, 677 persons were rewarded by the Humane Society. The list included one Stanhope gold medal, 14 silver medals, and 46 pecuniary rewards. Thirty-five rewards were given to officers and men of H. M. Navy and Coastguard, 49 to officers and men of the army and Reserve Forces, and 20 to police.

The ancient Romans considered February 29 a most critical season, always reckoning it among their unlucky days. That this belief has not by any means lost ground is evidenced by a deep-rooted dislike parents have to a child being born on leap-day, it being a popular notion that to come into the world at such an odd time is ominous as signifying the babe's speedy exit.

Mdlle. Paulina, a native of Queensland, Holland, is said to be the smallest human being in the world. She is nearly sixteen years of age, her height is 18 inches and her weight seven pounds. Unlike most of the "midgits," she is remarkably pretty and accomplished, speaking four languages fluently.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is strikingly like his father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He is taller, and of lighter complexion, but the resemblance is otherwise remarkable. The father frequently uses an eye-glass; the son seems to be also short-sighted. In subscribing the Parliamentary roll he put his face down quite close to the parchment.

That human greatness consists in self-sacrifice and service to others is no new doctrine, but is one not too often realized in practice. "How few are those," says De Maistre, "whose passage upon this useful planet is marked by actions really good and useful! I bow myself to the earth before him of whom it can be said, 'Pertransivit benefaciendo,' who has succeeded in instructing, consoling, relieving his fellow-creatures, who has made real sacrifice for the idea of doing good."

This is a description of Lord Byron in 1815, written by Mr. John Murray: "He wore many rings on his fingers, and a brooch in his shirt front, which was embroidered. When he called he used to be dressed in a black dress-coat (as we should now call it), with grey and sometimes nankeen trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked downstairs. After Scott and he ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping downstairs side by side."

The Butter and Cheese Industry.

Very promising results are reported by the Dairy Commissioner from the first season's operations of the experimental dairy stations. The improved quality of the butter turned out has commended it to the English public, and it is predicted that Canada may yet become a formidable rival to Denmark in this industry. The commissioner intends to introduce more improvements during the coming season to elevate the standard of the Canadian product. When it is considered that as long ago as 1880 we sold England over \$3,300,000 worth of butter, the falling off of the trade to \$184,000 in 1890 is alarming. But there was an increase of over \$300,000 in 1891, and a much greater gain is expected in 1892. The cheese industry, which since 1880 has increased from \$3,770,000 to \$9,481,000, more than compensates for the loss of the butter trade, but there is no reason why Canada should not greatly increase both. In England the system of storing butter is being abandoned, and there is a demand for fresh-made winter butter which Canada is specially adapted to supply. The special attention being given to our dairying interests will be amply repaid.

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A HELPLESS WOMAN.

But She Made the Farm Pay.

One week had elapsed since Joe Means' funeral. And, owing to the constant presence of friends, it was the first time since Mrs. Means was a widow that she had been alone; the first time she had an opportunity of looking the future squarely in the face. And this is what she saw: Five children, the eldest a boy of twelve, dependent on her for their training and support; with herself, a family of six to support; the present provision for meeting this responsibility was a played-out farm of one hundred acres, but poorly equipped with stock and implements, and ornamented by a thousand-dollar mortgage. It was no wonder that the lone widow sighed as she scanned the prospect.

On his sick bed Mr. Means had urged his wife, in case of his death, to sell the farm, and adopt one of the following plans: To buy a little place in town, depending on the labor of herself and children for support; or, scatter the children among their relatives, while she with her baby should live with one of her brothers.

"You can't do anything with the farm, Anna," he said. "It's been all I could do to hold the home, and work hard at that, and you are just a helpless woman with a lot of children around you."

His words came to her now, and she thought of his plans over and over.

"No," she finally said, "I cannot part from my children. Whatever I do I shall keep my children with me. There is no one who will do so well by them as their own mother. And that means that we cannot live with our relatives. As to moving to town, by the time our debts were settled and a little place bought, the money would be almost gone. And then what would we do for a living? The boys would have to be kept from school and pick up any work they could get. And I—what could I do? I could not leave home to work on account of my children. I am not skilful at sewing. I have knowledge of no work that I could turn to profitable account in town, and I might be reduced to the extremity of taking in washing. I shall have to think this matter over well before I decide."

The next day Mrs. Means' brother George, a close-fisted farmer, who always planned his charity to his own pocket, called, and in discussing her affairs, said: "Well, Anna, me and Almyr have talked it all over, and we decided to offer you a home with us. Almyr's health is real poorly this fall, and we've been kinder scared we'd have to hire a girl. Hired girls is all-fired expensive these days. So we thought if you'd scatter the children around among yours and Joe's relations, we'd give you and the baby your home and board if you'd help Almyr with the work. I believe to goodness 'twould kill Almyr to have a strange girl putting round 'mong her things, they are such wasteful, needless critters."

"I don't think I can save my hired-girl bill, George," replied Mrs. Means, dryly. "I'm not going to part from my children."

"What are you going to do?"

"I haven't decided fully yet, but I think I will stay here on the farm," she replied.

"Didn't Joe tell you to sell the farm?"

"Yes, he did, but I don't think it's best. Joe was good-hearted and well-meaning, but he was lacking in management."

"Well, I'll tell you, Anna, there won't be nothing good come of you going against Joe's will. A man's judgment in such matters is worth a good deal more than a woman's. What can a woman like you do on a farm?"

"My plan is," said Mrs. Means, "to sell fifty acres on the west of the farm and keep the remainder. Then I will engage in something in which the children and I can work."

"Sell the west fifty? Why that's the only good land you've got. There'll be nothing left but bogs and sand hills."

"Well then, I will have to make the best of them," she replied. "John Barrows, you know, holds the mortgage, and he offered Joe several months ago to cancel the debt for the fifty acres. If he is still of the same mind I'm ready to make the trade."

"All I've got to say is, you'll bring ruin on your family if you take that step," said her brother. "But if you won't take the last advice of your husband, 'taint likely you'll listen to anybody else."

When Mrs. Means' plan became public property, advice was poured on her by the town—had it been weighable matter. And it was all to the point that she was doing a foolish thing. But in spite of grave head-shakings and gloomy forebodings, she persisted in her course, and realised the mortgage by selling the land.

Joe Means had made a speciality of raising stock and hogs. He kept a scrub grade of both kinds of animals, and a greater number than the farm could support; consequently they were underfed both winter and summer, giving poor results in both animals and prices. One of Mrs. Means' first steps was to dispose of all the stock excepting five of the best cows, and all the swine but a few little pigs. The latter were kept as an economical measure, for converting the surplus milk and waste food to profit.

It was in the fall when Mr. Means died, and during the winter following the widow and her little boys performed all their outdoor work. The cows were well fed and cared for, and a good supply of butter for sale was the result. But at the opening of spring a man was hired for the summer season. During the winter, too, Mrs. Means had exercised her mental powers to the utmost in planning how she could best adapt and utilize her farm to her conditions. And after much study and search for information, she decided to raise fruit. She became deeply interested and enthusiastic over the idea, and early in the spring commenced proceedings. A played-out pasture lot of four acres was plowed and set out to young apple trees. It was also planted to potatoes, so that the young trees could be cultivated for the first year. Scattered over two acres of ground adjoining the barn, were a number of most unsightly hog pens, straw sheds and cattle yards. They covered a choice piece of rich ground sloping to the south. These were all removed and the ground plowed for cultivation. And the entire plot was set to small fruits, half an acre to strawberries, the remainder to currants, raspberries, gooseberries and grapes. And the manner of setting gave evidence that the widow had sought information from an intelligent source. The rows were set sufficiently far apart that the cultivation could be done with a horse, saving hand work. All through the first season this fruitplot received the best of care, and went into its winter quarters protected by a coverlet of mulch.

The neighbors criticised and prophesied,

as people do at any diversion in their midst. But the next season when the fruit began to bear the criticism was changed to approval and the widow was regarded with honest admiration. The strawberries yielded a large, profitable crop. The mother and children spent the days in picking the fruit and early each morning a load was sent to market, a distance of four miles.

It has now been five years since Mrs. Means commenced her fruit farm, and so successful has been her efforts that there is not a farm in the vicinity that has a larger income than hers. It is true that she and her children had to work, and at times very industriously; but no harder than though they had been dependents in the homes of others, and enjoyed the freedom, the independence and enjoyment which they have enjoyed in their own home.

The widow's home has been improved until it scarcely looks like the same place. Her children have had the full benefit of the long winter schools in the country. She has furnished her family a better support, a better home, and surrounded them with better advantages and influences, than though she had cooped them up in a two-by-four town lot, and placed them on a footing with the poor riff-raff of the city. Not only that, but she has proven that a helpless woman is not so helpless after all when she exercises her God-given powers, independently and intelligently, in the direction they should go.

Life in China.

The singular conditions of life at Amoy, the metropolis of the great Chinese province of Fukien, have been the theme of an interesting report of the United States consul at that city, Mr. Bedloe. Amoy, which is a city of about a million people, and the centre of a densely populated region, is perhaps the cheapest place in the world. Workingmen live and support large families on fifteen cents a day, and are said to be as happy as workmen anywhere.

The daily fare of an Amoy workman and his cost to him is as follows: One and a half pounds of rice, costing three cents; one ounce of meat, one ounce of fish, two ounces of shell-fish, one cent altogether; one pound of cabbage or other vegetable, one cent; fuel, salt and oil, one cent; total, six cents.

This is much better fare than many European laborers enjoy. In what little time the Amoy workman can find from his till, he flies kites, plays shuttlecock, and indulges in mild practical jokes on his friends. He goes to bed early, and worries about nothing.

The wife and children of the Chinese family gather driftwood, edible sea-moss, shell-fish, mushrooms and dead branches. Some of the things they pick up they barter for rice and vegetables. Sometimes a woman and her children provide in this way all the food of the family.

Small boys earn a few copper coins by marching in religious processions, at funerals, wakes, exorcisms, weddings and other ceremonies.

At eight years of age a boy begins his father-which usually is the same as his father's. Indeed the children in China begin to work as soon as they can walk. A boy or girl four years old will carry the baby "piggy-back" half an hour at a time, and mind it from dawn to dusk.

The house is usually an independent structure, small, and containing two rooms—a living room and a bedroom. The windows are small, high and nearly blacked up with wooden, iron or stone bars. The rent of a house of four or five rooms averages five cents a day.

One of the saddest things about child life in China is the early encouragement of gambling on the part of the boys. On every street in the daytime and early evening may be seen groups of children around a peddler, gambling for cake, fruit, or a small amount of money. Gambling is the great curse of the Chinese people, robbing the workmen of their savings and corrupting the politics of the country.

In spite of their hard work and their few indulgences, Chinese children manage to be happy on the whole, as children will be the world over.

One company has a monopoly of Paris funerals.

As the result of tests the German cavalry horses are to be shod with paper shoes.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when four years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the word of cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ARDIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

Unseaworthy Ships.

As a Parliamentary paper, there has just been issued the annual return of all ships ordered by the London, Eng., Board of Trade, or its officers to be provisionally detained as unsafe under the Merchant Shipping Act. Between July 1, 1891, and the end of June last 47 vessels declared to be unseaworthy, were kept from being put to sea, of which number all but one were found to be unsafe. The majority of these were wooden sailing ships. Sixty-three vessels (25 of foreign nationality) were reported during the year as "overladen or improperly laden." Since the Act was passed the Board of Trade have used their power of detention in 1417 cases. Seven hundred and fifty-one vessels have been declared unsafe owing to defects in hull or machinery, and 641 were condemned for being laden either above their capacity or in an improper manner. The rest were found after examination to be safe enough to allow of their proceeding to sea.

Discovery of Treasure Trove.

A discovery of treasure trove which has been made on the shore of the Danube, off Orsova, has led to diplomatic exchanges between Austria and Serbia, which cannot fail to prove interesting. A few days since a violent storm swept along the Danube, and after it had subsided three vessels, described as of undoubted Roman make and great antiquity, were found to have been washed up on to the beach at Orsova. They had been thoroughly sealed, and when opened all three were found to be full of gold coins. Orsova belongs to Serbia, but an Austrian shipmaster first noticed the vessels and got possession of them. The Serbian police claimed the find as treasure trove, and hence the official communications now in progress.

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A. P. 628

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Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

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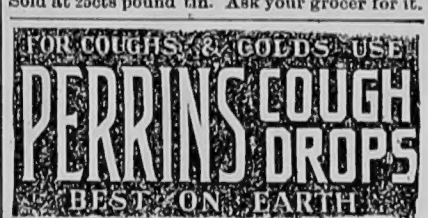
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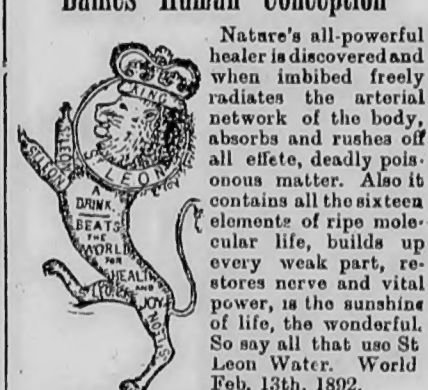
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A MOONLIGHT ESCAPE.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day and the next passed by, and still Hector made no sign, and Effie suffered the unutterable tortures of suspense.

Every ring at the door, every sound of a horse's hoofs or of carriage-wheels made her heart beat faster. She started up when her maid brought her her letters in the morning, longing, yet dreading, to find one in Hector's handwriting; but no such missive appeared. She could not stay in the house, but wandered about the lawn and shrubberies like an unquiet spirit, not daring to leave the place lest Hector should come in her absence. She had to make one expedition to the pine-wood, but took an extra quantity of provisions, so as not to be obliged to go there so soon again. She managed to get the village-boy to carry rugs and blankets to the ruined cottage, and provided Joe with such literature as she thought might interest him. She roamed about the grounds all day; returning ever and anon to the house on some pretext or other, in reality to see if her lover was there.

As time wore on, Mrs. Dering spoke to her daughter. The good lady had seen at once that something was amiss, but had refrained from speaking till there seemed a real necessity for it. At last, one day when Effie came, weary and dispirited, and sank down upon the sofa, pretending to read, only to start up in a few minutes as if with the intention of going out again, Mrs. Dering began.

"Why has not Hector been here for the last few days?" she asked, as carelessly as she could. "I hope you and he have not had a quarrel."

Effie flushed deeply.

"Why do you ask mother?"

"Why do I ask? My darling child, do you think your father and I have not noticed that Hector has not been here for three days? We said nothing at first, well knowing that lovers have a bad habit of quarrelling at times; but this has gone on too long. Effie, I strongly suspect that it is your fault—you have always treated poor Hector too cavalierly; and, no doubt, desperately in love though he may be, he has turned at last. If it is your fault, darling, you will have to make the first advances. Shall I write and ask him to dine here to-night?"

"Not for worlds, mother!" cried Effie, her pride aroused at once, though a moment before she would have given anything to know that she would see Hector that evening.

"But how long do you intend this estrangement to continue?" asked the perplexed mother. "I must really know more about this, Effie; it is getting serious."

"It was all my fault," said Effie, in a low tone.

She was still standing where she had turned round when her mother first spoke to her. The light from a window fell full upon her face, and the mother's heart ached to see how changed it was. Even the girl's attitude was dejected-looking as she stood there, playing nervously with the leaves of a plant on a stand beside her.

"Then in that case we must make the first advances," said Mrs. Dering more firmly.

"Oh, pray, mother, spare me that humiliation!" cried Effie imploringly. "I feel sure that Hector will never forgive me. He would only refuse my invitation if you send one."

"But, my dear child, is the engagement broken off?"

"I suppose so," said Effie.

"You only suppose so? Effie, don't make me angry with my little girl when she seems so unhappy. You know, my child, that you were formally engaged to marry Hector? the whole county knows it. If you have agreed that you are unsuited to each other, it is better to come to an understanding at once. Shall your father go over and see Hector? For Heaven's sake, child, speak—say something! Let me have some idea of how matters stand between you."

Thus adjured, Effie murmured out something about a quarrel with Hector the last morning he had been there.

"I am sure that it will never be made up, mother," she said, trying to steady her voice. "I am not wholly to blame; Hector was too hasty, I think. But there is no use in saying anything more about it."

"You mean to say that you have really broken off your engagement in this calm way?" cried Mrs. Dering, in utter astonishment.

"Call it anything you like, mother," said Effie wearily. "But, darling, I can't bear to talk of it just yet."

And she turned to quit the room.

"One moment, Effie," called out Mrs. Dering after her. "Your father and I cannot let matters remain thus. We formally gave our consent to your engagement with Hector Lyndhurst. You and he cannot quietly decide to go back from it without a word to your parents. I shall send your father over to-morrow to ask Hector what it all means."

The girl flushed crimson.

"Must that be, mother? Would it not seem like trying to get him back?"

"He is not likely to accuse us of doing that," replied Mrs. Dering, drawing herself up proudly. "The Derings are not in the habit of setting aside conventionalities, or of running after men for their daughters. You can safely leave your honour in your father's hands, darling."

Effie left the room, sick at heart, but with a faint hope springing up in her breast, or, if not a hope, a feeling that it would be better to know the worst. She wondered what excuse Hector would give for his conduct. He would be loyal, she knew; but would he think it better for her pride that the blame of the estrangement should lie on her? He could not deliberately tell Mrs. Dering that he had met his daughter walking with another man in the middle of the night. What, then, could he say?

She fondly hoped that his great love for her would by this time have conquered his jealousy, and that he would ask for an interview with her. She would only too gladly meet him.

She could hardly endure her own company while Mr. Dering was absent on his mission. She kept running to her room, which commanded a view of the avenue, to catch the first glimpse of the returning dog-cart. How terribly she had longed to see Hector seated by her father's side she only knew when Mr. Dering came into view alone. All was over then—really and truly over for ever! Had matters been arranged, Hector would have rushed over

at once to her. Well, if he chose to give her up for so slight a cause, his love must have been much less than she deemed it. For a moment anger overcame her misery. She determined to show that she could care as little for this sad finale to their engagement as her ex-lover did. Not even her parents should know the despair she felt at the thought that he had left her for ever.

Like a true woman, she went to the glass to see if there were traces of tears on her cheeks, arranged her hair in its most becoming fashion, and ran down-stairs to luncheon gaily humming a tune.

Her father met her as she was crossing the hall, and looked at her in some surprise. He felt relieved at the sight of her, for he was dreading the effect of the news he had to communicate. This was not the time to tell it however, and they all talked of the most indifferent subjects during luncheon, Effie bearing her share in the conversation.

After the meal was over he took her into the library and related the substance of his interview with Hector Lyndhurst. It was merely this. Hector had said that he had found that Effie did not care for him as he had fondly imagined; that the engagement was off; and that Mr. Dering had better question his daughter, as Hector left the matter in her hands. He was confident that Mr. Dering would not press Effie to any more than she wished. In the meantime he hoped that this would not diminish the friendship between himself and the Derings, and that, when he and Effie could meet without embarrassment, he might be received as usual at the Manor. For the present, he was leaving the country and going to shoot big game in the East.

"And, if this is your fault, Effie, may you not repent it as you deserve to do!" added Mr. Dering sternly.

Mabel Parkinson had always been her brother's confidante. She was a year older than Harold in age, and many years older in disposition; and as a boy he had trusted her, as a man he laid bare most of his secrets to her.

He had never spoken to her of his love for Effie Dering—for love it was—but Mabel had quickly divined it, and, after the first spasm of jealousy, pitied her brother, but could quite understand his adoration.

Though Harold told his sister all his own secrets, he did not impart to her those of other people, and his midnight adventure with the lady of his love he fully intended to keep to himself. But, when he heard that Effie's engagement was broken off and that Hector had left the country, he could not help connecting these facts with the moonlight walk, and felt that he ought in honor to explain to Lyndhurst his part in the affair. Yet he had such a slight acquaintance with him that he feared to be officious, and, worse still, fatuous, if he appeared to think that his own presence on the scene had anything to do with the quarrel between the lovers.

He did not dare to go to Effie and ask her what he should do. He knew how proud she was, and guessed the torture she must be feeling, and did not wish to add to it. Yet he would have given worlds to find out whether she would wish him to be her champion. At last one day he determined to tell his sister, taking care first to bind her to silence. He gave her a dry statement of facts, relating the whole scene, even all their conversation—every word of which he remembered only too well—the meeting with Hector, the angry looks of the latter, and the change that had suddenly come over Effie as they parted with him. Then he waited for his sister's dictum.

"Shall I run up to town and speak to him?" he asked. "Or had I better first ask Miss Dering what she wishes?"

"Oh, you must not do that!" said Mabel quickly. "It would hurt her terribly, and she would be obliged to beg you not to interfere. For myself, I always think people gain nothing by meddling with what does not concern them; but, if you think you can do any good by speaking to Mr. Lyndhurst, do so without first consulting Miss Dering."

"But supposing she is the one who has broken off the engagement? We know nothing but the fact that it is off; and, for my part, I imagine it was her doing."

"Then speaking to Mr. Lyndhurst would be only a waste of words. From what you tell me, however, I should imagine that he cried off; and I can't blame him."

"Mabel!"

"Now don't fly off into heroics, Harold! Put yourself in his place. Would you like to come upon the girl you were going to marry walking along the roads at midnight with a good-looking young man who had shown his evident admiration for her—for whom you can easily see that you do admire her?"

"Of course I do! Who would not?" cried Harold loyally. "And so will a thousand other men!"

"Well, you must allow that it was enough to provoke a man. Even if she had been alone, it would have been extraordinary enough; but to find her walking with you!"

"No doubt she told him the truth—that she had only just then met me."

"No doubt; but do jealous people always believe the truth?"

"If I thought he had left her, I would thrash him!"

"My dear boy, don't be ridiculous! I think, if it came to thrashing you, would get the worst of it. Besides, how would that mend matters?"

"You seem to take Lyndhurst's part, Mabel."

"I can take no one's part, Harold, because it is all so very mysterious. According to your account, you find Miss Dering roaming about the woods and fields when she ought to have been in bed; you naturally expect, dismount and walk with her; then upon comes Mr. Lyndhurst, which is a most extraordinary coincidence, and he, naturally enough also, is disgusted at the *rencontre*. I don't blame you, nor him; but I do think that Miss Dering was to blame."

"I am sure that, if she chose to explain, she could give a satisfactory reason for being out so late. She had most probably been sitting up with a sick person and did not care to fret her good deeds."

"In that case she would certainly tell her lover, even at the risk of being thought self-praising."

"But then, don't you see, I don't think that was the real reason of the quarrel. Without being fatuous, I can't help thinking that my being there that night had, as you suggest, something to do with it."

"I am sure of it, or you would not have my permission to meddle."

"Then I will decide to go and see what I can do with that fellow."

"That fellow," did not prove amenable to reason at first. He was very much inclined to treat Harold as Mabel had suggested he might be treated; but Harold's straightforward manner gained him a hearing, and the two men parted with cordiality on both sides.

After Harold had left him, Hector pondered long and deeply; and the following note, which to his great astonishment Effie received from him a day or two later, was the result of his reflections.

"My dear Effie—Perhaps we were both hasty the other day. I do not think you can doubt my love for you; I need say no more about that. I am writing now to ask you if you have repented your decision of not giving me any explanation of the subject of our misunderstanding. If you have relented, and will tell me why you were out alone at such a time of night, you have only to send me the one word 'Come,' and I will be with you as soon as steam can bring me. I will allow you three days for consideration and for your answer, and, should the latter be unfavorable, I shall leave England on the ninth."

"Yours,

HECTOR ALDRITH LYNDHURST.

It was not a very lovelike letter, but Effie read it again and again in the solitude of her chamber, and wept over it as she thought she could never weep again. Proud to a fault herself, she could understand the feeling that prompted Hector to write thus. He evidently did not expect a favourable answer. And he could not get one either, Effie thought sadly. She could not explain what he wished; her lips were sealed as much as ever—nothing was altered.

"Oh, he ought to have trusted me!" she thought bitterly. "How can he let me go so easily?"

The longing to send for him and sob out her confession almost maddened her; but it had to be resisted. She wrote him a pitiful little note, cold as to the wording; but, if his pride had allowed him to read between the lines, he might have seen how dearly she loved him. However, the substance of it was that she could not alter her determination, and that, if Hector did not love her well enough to trust her implicitly, he must go.

And he went; and, two days after the *Clyde* had left Southampton with Hector on board, Effie heard that her sacrifice had been in vain—the real murderer of the keeper had been found.

CHAPTER VII.

Two years had passed. Effie was Effie Dering still, though through no lack of opportunities to take another surname. Harold Parkinson, after having done all he could to set matters straight between her and Hector Lyndhurst, had thought that the demands of honor were by that time fully satisfied, and that he might now try his own chance. But Effie told him that it was perfectly useless to think of her in that light.

"I shall never marry," she said.

"And I shall never give up thinking of you until you do marry," said Harold.

"Don't be so silly," rejoined Effie. "I should be doing you a cruel wrong in marrying you when I do not care for you. I feel quite an old maid already," she said, with a sad smile. "And have not the slightest intention of ever leaving the Manor. Let these be my final words on the subject."

And Harold dared say no more.

He was by no means the only suitor for Miss Dering's hand. Effie was a girl who would never lack such, and, though her unfortunate love-affair had left an indelible wound, she was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve for the country daws to peck at. After the nine days' wonder had subsided, there was nothing to remind any one that the girl had suffered any disappointment. Her laugh, if less frequent, was as merry as ever. Effie Dering felt that never again would she be the careless girl of a few months back—that she would spend her life in longing for a voice that she could not hear, a form that she could not see. But that knowledge did not make her step less light or her cheeks less rosy. She was as attractive as ever and as much sought after. But one and all of the aspirants received the same answer—Effie would never marry.

She was returning one afternoon from a visit to Patience Davis, who had been the innocent means of ruining Effie's life. Patience and her husband now rented a small farm on the uplands, belonging to Mr. Dering. When the real murderer of the game-keeper had been found, betrayed by another of the poaching gang, Joe Davis was able to emerge from his hiding-place.

Effie had thereupon told the whole story to her father, who, though horrified at his daughter's part in the transaction, after reading her many homilies, promised her to do his best for the young couple who had befriended at such cost to herself as Mr. Dering little dreamed of. So, when Patience could get up and about, she found a nice little farm awaiting her, which she and Joe were now doing their best to cultivate. They were soon installed therein, and the sight of their happiness was some little solace to Effie for the wreck of her own hopes.

It had cost her many a struggle at first to visit them—that path through the wood always brought back such sad memories; but their gratitude to her was so unmistakable that she could not resist Patience's frequent entreaties to come and see them in their little domain.

She had been taking a present to her little god-child, Effie Davis—a gipsy-faced darling who could just toddle about enough to keep her mother in a state of constant anxiety about her—and was flushed and excited after a game of romps with her little namesake, so that she looked wonderfully unchanged to a watcher on the road, who, catching sight of the white-robed girl coming down the wood, waited to speak to her in exactly the same spot where he had encountered her two years before.

For it was Hector Lyndhurst, who had returned to the county on the previous night, and who was now on his way to the Manor.

He had the advantage over Effie, for she had not the least idea that he was ever coming back, and he wondered how she would greet him. She wore a large hat that completely shaded her face, so he could not see how pale that face became as she emerged from the field next to the road and found him waiting there. Pride came to her aid however, and she held out her hand

as if they were friends meeting after a few months' absence.

"I did not even know that you were coming back," she said, after they had shaken hands, Hector looking by far the more embarrassed of the two.

"I thought it was time," he replied, laughing, "or my tenants would have completely forgotten me. Besides, I am tired of roaming, and mean to settle down, for a year or so at least, on the land of my forefathers. This place seems little changed since I left," he continued, turning and walking by her side up the road. "Don't any of these old people ever die?"

"I don't think the idea enters their heads," replied Effie. "By-the-bye, one old woman died lately—Patience Davis's grandmother. Patience is married to that Joe Davis who was suspected of killing a game-keeper in a poaching affray two years ago."

"And your people, are they flourishing?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Effie; "father is as keen on hunting as ever, and mother does not look a day older than when you saw her last!"

They passed through the lodge gate and walked up the avenue in silence, past the bench that had been the scene of their parting two years before. Effie wondered if her companion remembered it; dreaded that he should see the tears that would start to her eyes from very joy at having him back again, though she felt that he would now never be more than a friend.

Mrs. Dering drove up the avenue behind them, and caught up with them before they reached the house. She reined up her ponies and expressed intense astonishment at seeing Hector. She made him and her daughter get into the carriage, and they were all chatting away in an unembarrassed fashion as they drove along as if there had never been any idea of a marriage between the two young people.

Effie could hardly realize that Hector was sitting opposite to her; it seemed like a dream. While he parried Mrs. Dering's numerous questions, Effie had a good opportunity of stealing glances at him. No more trace of a broken heart did he show than did she herself. He was perhaps a little more sunburned, but looked as boyish as ever. She found herself smothering the sigh that was much too sentimental for the occasion, and, determined to show that she too had become perfectly heart-whole, she joined in the conversation, and talked more nonsense than at tea afterwards than had passed her lips for the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Dering were perfectly friendly with Hector, but not quite so effusive to him as formerly, and wisely resolved to let events run their course.

Mrs. Dering was not one of those who thought matrimony essential to a woman's happiness; and, as, at her father's death, Effie would be very well off, there was no necessity for her trying such a venture.

"How many times do you intend to ask me this silly question?" asked Effie Dering, putting slightly as she averted her face from that of Harold Parkinson, who was bending down to try to catch her expression in the fading light. "I wish you would be more sensible," she continued, after a short pause; "you know my answer is always the same. Why can't you be satisfied with friendship? It is more lasting than love," and she stifled a sigh.

"Why can't we eat stones instead of bread?" asked Harold bitterly.

"Because we can't bite stones," said Effie, with a laugh that sounded terribly heartless to the man at her side. "Do be a little reasonable, Mr. Parkinson," she added. "I have told you over and over again that I can like you only as a friend; it would be impossible for my sentiments towards you to change. In fact, the only way I could alter towards you would be to like you less, instead of more, for being so persistent."

"You cannot blame a man for trying all he knows to gain a girl for his wife whom he loves so dearly as I love you," was the reply.

They were riding together towards the Manor in the autumn gloaming. The meeting had been an accidental one. Effie was returning from a visit to a friend; Harold had taken a round in the direction of her house on the chance of meeting the object of his affections. Many a time and oft had these two met in the same way, and any one observing the frequent encounters would have imagined that they had been arranged.

Effie did not object in the least to Harold as a friend if he would only "talk sense," as she expressed it. Since Hector had left her, she could not endure to hear words of love from another man. She turned round to Harold now with a determined look on her pretty features.

"Once for all, Mr. Parkinson," she said, "let me tell you that it is utterly useless to think of me in that way. I have told you again and again that I never intend to marry. Don't think me unkind when I say that it would be more dignified on your part to accept my answer once for all as final, try to make up your mind to accept my friendship. Don't try to look sentimental—I should not see you by this light—and come in and have some tea."

For they had reached the lodge gates.

Her manner softened the harshness and flippancy of her words, and Harold was man enough to see their sense. He turned in and through the gate with her, and they trotted briskly up the avenue.

"They found quite a party assembled in the drawing-room—the Rector and his wife—a pretty young woman whom he had lately married, and to whom Mrs. Dering had taken a great fancy—and Hector Lyndhurst, who had been shooting with Mr. Dering."

Hector did not look too well-pleased to see Effie's companion; but he greeted them both pleasantly as they came in, blinking at the light.

Every one looked cheery except Hector, and the momentary gloom on his face soon vanished.

"We were talking about our little dance, Effie," said Mrs. Dering. "I am trying to persuade Mrs. Beauchamp to come to it, and Mr. Beauchamp is resisting me."

"On you must come, Mrs. Beauchamp!" said Effie, turning brightly to the young wife of the Rector, who was looking to her husband for guidance. "Of course you must come! I will persuade Mr. Beauchamp; I have known him all my life, and he does just what I tell him."

"Most people have to do that it appears," said Harold, who was sitting next to her, in an undertone.

"Now, Mr. Beauchamp, say 'yes' said Effie, acknowledging the last remark only by a shrug of the shoulders, and turning her back upon the luckless young fellow who

had uttered it, "and dance the first waltz with me."

"You would be very sorry if I were to take you at your word, Effie," laughed the Rector; "but I think I must let poor little Susan come, even if I stay away, and let her have a chance of showing off one of her smart dresses;" and he smiled lovingly at his little bride.

"And Mrs. Beauchamp could dine and sleep here," said Effie—"if the inducement of a dance with me is not sufficient to bring you, that is to say."

And consent to this arrangement was given then and there.

"May I have that dance that Mr. Beauchamp has refused?" asked Harold boldly of Effie.

"Don't be too sure that you will be invited," laughed the latter. "Mother, do you intend to ask Mr. Parkinson?"

"I have already been asked," said Harold triumphantly; "the note came this morning. I may give my answer in person, Mrs. Dering."

"Oh, mother, you really ought to consult me as to the choice of men!" said Effie, while the Rector's wife looked a little shocked at this style of conversation, not knowing quite what to make of it. "I am not quite sure that I want Mr. Parkinson to come."

"Well, you will have to put up with me now that your mother has asked me," he replied laughingly.

"I must have a dance too, Effie," said Hector, "before Parkinson engages you for them all. May I have number two?"

Effie agreed to this with a charming blush. She could not quite treat Hector as she did Harold, though she did her best to forget that their relations to each other had been so very different. And Hector, noting the difference in her manner, is fool enough to think that Parkinson was in greater favour than was he himself.

The dance in question was a little impromptu one for the next evening. Two nieces of Mrs. Dering's were coming to the Manor for a week, and Mrs. Dering wished to make it pleasant for them. All the near neighbors had been asked, and one or two particular friends at a distance.

Effie looked a vision of beauty, in the eyes of two men at least. She wore white, which always suited her, unrelieved by any ornament. Her fresh young beauty could stand the perfection of simplicity in dress, and she remembered that Hector had admired her thus.

She read in his eyes, as he came up for the promised dance, that that admiration had not abated one whit.

"Surely he could not look at me like that unless he cared for me," said the girl to herself, as he put his arm around her waist and whirled her off. "But if he still cares why does he not speak?"

Hector talked on the most commonplace subjects, and this was Effie's greatest trial. She remembered the time when every look was a caress, and she could sometimes feel the tears coming into her eyes at the altered tones of the voice she loved best to hear.

Effie little knew what was passing in Hector's mind as he held her to him and they floated round, the best-looking and best dancing couple in the room. When he had first put his arm around her waist, a mist came before his eyes, and for a moment he feared that he should have to sit down. But the momentary weakness passed away; and no one to see the two young people dancing on with calm faces in correct time to the music, then stopping to rest and exchanging a few sentences in the usual conventional manner, would have imagined the tempest raging in the heart of one, the wild regret in that of the other.

Effie made a delightful little hostess. All the plain girls got partners, and every one said the dance was a great success. But when it was all over and the lights were out the little heroine of the evening was lying with her face pressed down on her pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUNTING TIGERS.

The Methods Used by Sportsmen in India.

The only two methods of tiger-hunting that are practical really here are "netting," and sitting up all night in a tree by a "kill" waiting for the tiger to return for his food. Almost all sportsmen have tried this latter, and generally been disappointed, as I was in another part of India, and have always solemnly vowed that each occasion should be their very last, only to be found at it again on the very next opportunity.

Some really like this solitary watching, but it has very many drawbacks to its enjoyment. Several Indian sportsmen, who have killed their forty or fifty tigers, have told me they had been nearly always unsuccessful with it. It is very wearisome work sitting from about 4 o'clock in the afternoon until day break next day, always on the alert to see something that does not come; and with the darkness mosquitoes come in quantities, and perhaps a scorpion will ferret you out, or, worse than all, you may be visited by the red ant.

It is very uncertain when a tiger will return to the "kill." He may do so as early as 3 or 4 or not at all, often being frightened away, perhaps by some unforeseen circumstance. The slightest rustle will make him stop, and once his suspicions are aroused he will not venture near. To shoot him on foot by stalking is an impossibility. The sportsmen will occasionally come upon a tiger when after other game, and may then have a chance of a shot. If there are a few men who keep together, a tiger even if wounded, will think twice before charging into the middle of them, and will always shrink the last ten or fifteen feet. None but the most fool-hardy or utterly ignorant would venture to follow a wounded tiger into a long grass or very close cover, where it has every advantage, and the hunter may be seized before he has time to raise his rifle. One of the tiger's greatest aids in his attacks is his voice, the sudden coughing roar of which is paralyzing to the coolest, and of course for a certain shot the nerves must be perfectly steady with "no flinching."—[Harper's Magazine.]

It was in 1827, and at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh, that Sir Walter Scott declared himself to be the author of the "Waverley Novels." This is the speech he made on that occasion: "I did not expect, on coming here to-day, to be in a position to disclose a secret. Now that it is out, however, I beg leave to observe that I am sole and undivided author of these novels. I confess I am guilty, and am afraid to examine the extent of my delinquency. 'Look out again I dare not.' The wand Prospero is now broken, and my book is buried."

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